

Winter

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon  
Language: English  
Characters: Hiccup  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2013-07-20 00:11:57  
Updated: 2013-07-20 00:11:57  
Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:37:22  
Rating: K+  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 533  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: Hiccup hates the winter season. Why?  
One-shot.

Winter

**\*\*A/N:** I have no idea what made me do this. I guess it was the prompt 'cold' which most people might think begs for a RotG/HTTYD crossover, but no...I couldn't do it. I have other prompts, too, and one of them is 'winter' so just keep your pants on, people! You guys might get a crossover fic from me then. IDK why I decided to post this...\*\*

**\*\*Oh, yeah, also, guys, don't forget to vote on my poll! It's up on my page! I added new story ideas to it, go and vote for which ones you like! \*\***

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><p>Hiccup hated cold.<p>

Oh, how he despised it, how he despised winter with its constant, heavy snowfalls, the frozen lakes and how he and Toothless couldn't go flying in winter that often, because of the sudden, unpredictable blizzards.

He hated the winter season, because it brought him no joy.

Why should it? Every year, as a kid, he'd been on the outside looking in, watching the other kids of Berk have snowball fights, make snow Vikings, snow angels, basically all the little Viking kid stuff.

Hiccup had never been part of it.

Then, he'd realized there was another reason to hate winter: because it was damn cold! Even when he was eleven, already quickly growing

out of the disappointments life brought him every cold season, he didn't like how cold it got. The only clothes he owned were his fur vest, a small, long-sleeved shirt, pants and sturdy boots. The shirt and vest were too thin to keep him warm and new clothes were few and far between on Berk.

None of them had volunteered to be seamstresses, after all.

Then, when Hiccup was twelve, used to the cold, he found a third reason to hate winter: it made him even clumsier than before. He slipped and slid on the ice, fell face-first into the snow, tripped over rocks hidden by frostâ€¦

Oh, the tripping possibilities for a klutz like him were endless.

Then, when he was thirteen, he realized that winter was most often when his dad went to search for the nest. It wasn't as though his father was great company; in fact, if they didn't live in the same house together, Hiccup wouldn't have even known he was his father. But he still missed his dad, because the man was his dad and sons were supposed to miss dads they thought they might never see again.

And when he was fourteen, he realized he didn't like winter because snow and ice brought him great pain. His phantom pains were always worse in winter, for some reason, because of the cold. Whenever he ventured outside, frost threatened his metal leg and he found himself having to stay inside more often.

Hiccup was just as happy to read a book as to go outside, but he would much rather have read the book outside, because he enjoyed Berk and sitting on his front porch with an interesting novel from Johann.

This is why I prefer summer, Hiccup thought moodily, gazing into the fire, looking up from his book.

End  
file.